

Beware of the woman who adored dolls;
babies will disillusion her.

Beware of the woman who embraces feminism;
she does not caress your balls out of love.

Beware of the woman who promises undying love;
she wants to haunt you.

Beware of the woman who promises "understanding;"
she will use it against you.

Beware of the woman who, reading this, laughs too much,
or scowls;
she'll never understand.

DR. INVISIBLE AND MR. HYDE

— for Ron Koertge

Like a low tide, the Malibu girl's
green bikini bottom has rolled back,
exposing white crescents above her
legs' tan-line. Her bra-straps lie
like handlebars beside her on the sand,
cups peeling down from breasts as white
and curved and smooth as ostrich eggs.

"I'd like to hide in the girls' locker-
room," I say. "And watch her change."
"Yeah," says Ron, "Or be invisible,
and follow her home." While our peers
plod through Coping With Middle Age,
we prowl L.A., and dream of roaming,
unseen, through showers and bedrooms,
crouching behind the Doctor's screen
at the Clinic for Young Actresses and Models,
slipping backstage at the Bikini Festival,
our eyes, like God's, everywhere.

As younger guys than we write wills
and prepare to die, Ron and I feed
raw flesh to the boys still alive
and well inside us, the same boys
who risked buckshot and juvie hall
to peer through neighbors' blinds
at panty-girdles, slips, and harness-bras.

What, after all, is growing old,
but ceasing to desire? What
is death but hiding underground,
a sure-fire way to be invisible?

A thousand years from now, as some
tanned angel steps into her bath
and drops her towel, don't be
surprised if the steam says
"Wham bam, I'm in heaven!"
and the soap replies "Me too,
Charlie. That's just where I am."

PUSSY

It was all we cared about, those highschool
years of calloused fists and smuggled Playboys.
All day long we scanned for skirts to look
up, blouses to look down. Every flash
of breast or thigh stiffened the will of every
guy to get pussy. First Steve, then Ted,
then Carlos, then Johnny, one by one

they did. One by one they got pussy,
and traded cruising the Chuck Wagon
hang out for helping girls watch baby
brothers, or go shopping, or do homework —
anything to reach that slippery jungle
we were all bananas for. I watched
my friends' lives coil around them like pythons

in those Tarzan flicks I watched to see
Jane's thighs; and I wanted to be wrapped
in those coils too. Then it happened: I got
pussy. It was all I'd hoped and more,
sweaty nights parked in Dad's Dodge, or panting
out on Devore Field with Linda, which meant
beautiful, which Linda was. Only later

did I wonder, was it worth it: Ted and Carlos,
Johnny, Steve, and me shouldering open
the heavy door marked Adults Only, pulled
by dirty blues guitar through velvet curtains
into our own bedrooms where girls we knew
lay in our beds and offered us that cherished slit
which drew our boyhoods inside blissfully to die.

— Charles Webb

Los Angeles CA